

The Historie of

Fal. You rogue, heres Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a Weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wolsacke, what mutter you?

Fals. A Kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

Prin. Why you horsen round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? answere me to that, and *Poiners* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damnde eare I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are scarfe wip'd since thou drunkst last.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinke.*
A plague of all Cowards still say I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Fals. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hosen,

Henry the fourth.

Hosen, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them spake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Rofs. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Fals. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Rofs. And bound them.

Pete. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Rofs. As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought yee with them all?

Fals. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poiners. Pray God, you haue not murthered some of them.

Fals. Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee alie, spir in my face; cal me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point, foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou said'st but two, euen now.

Fals. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Fals. These foure came all a front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen pointes in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why therewere but foure, euen now.

Fals. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrome suites.

Fals. Seuen, by these Hiltes, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Fals. Doe'st thou heare me *Hal*?

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

Fals.